RED & BLACK

An Anarchist Journal
Autumn 2001 No 29

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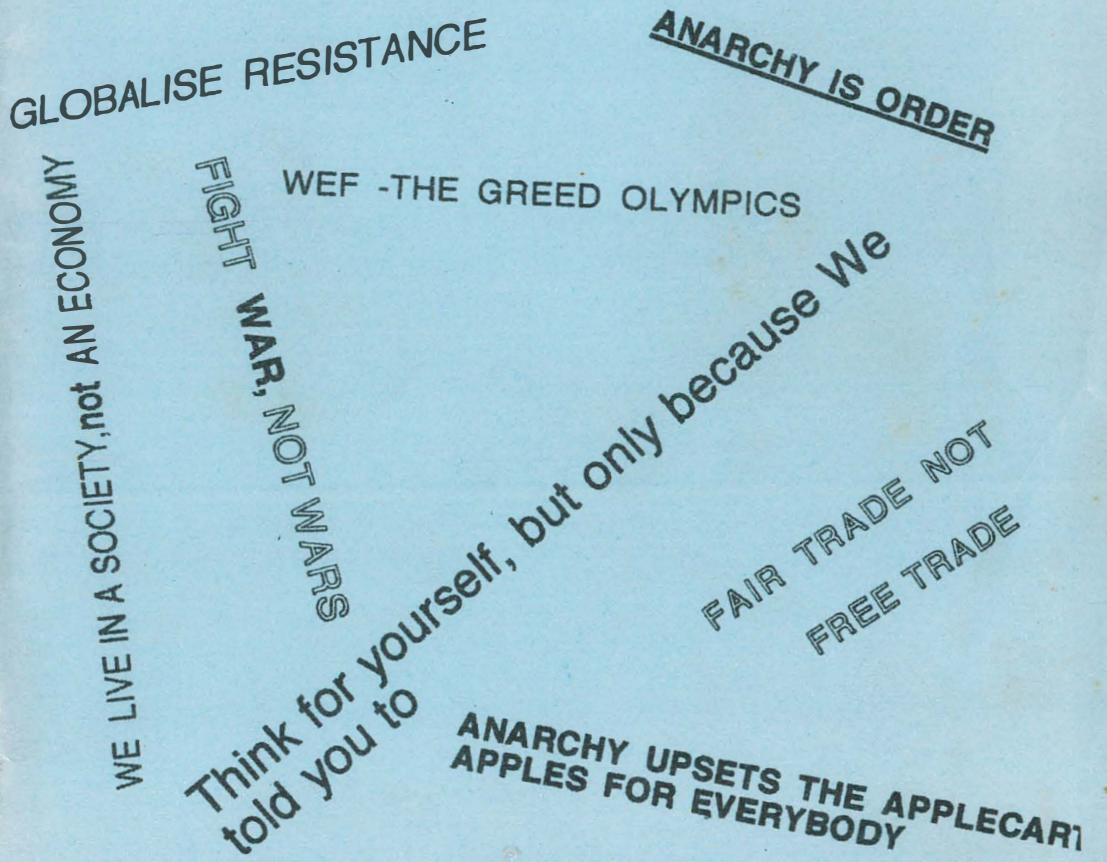
GLOBALISE RESISTANCE
ANARCHY IS ORDER
WE LIVE IN A SOCIETY, not AN ECONOMY
FIGHT WAR, NOT WARS
WEF -THE GREED OLYMPICS
Think for yourself, but only because We told you to
FAIR TRADE NOT FREE TRADE
ANARCHY UPSETS THE APPLECART
APPLES FOR EVERYBODY

Money makes the world go square

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REVISITING TURKEY

Born, bred and educated in Bulgaria, I had never thought that one day I would spend most of my life in exile. The innocence of childhood precluded such ideas, since its niche was limited to the immediate environment. Carelessly absorbed in chasing butterflies, playing with the colours in the meadows of flowers was an unforgettable joy, even if in tatters of poverty and barefooted. In the delights of liberty, in a picturesque world where reality and fantasy fused, how could one perceive the evil omen hidden in the stormy sea of life that eventually would cripple imagination, thoughts, emotions and bodies.

Socialisation starts in the early stages of childhood since parents are anxious to see their physical features, as well as mental and emotional, reflected in their children, often with the intention of making them a paradigm example of their own vision. Thus a child's individuality is fashioned to fit certain rules and regulations. Hence, some desires are repressed, others invoked, some are described as good, others as bad. All in all a mechanism is set up to inhibit or encourage, to reward or punish. Even the most noble sentiments and affections are used often to create a dependency syndrome rather than to stimulate independence and the emotional enrichment of the person. Thus the child is entangled in multiple authoritarianisms, each trying to model him or her according to its own image by pruning objectionable thoughts, clipping the wings of imagination and sublimating the heart's desire into adoration of adult's icons. The castrated spirit is left wandering in the labyrinths of hierarchies in search of his or her own identity while leaden shadows weigh on the quest for self-realization.

A small, but relevant, event occurred when I was six years old. The house we lived in, consisted of a) a ground floor accommodating a donkey and a horse and their forage; b) first floor that humans occupied. It had a small entrance, a big room for all the family and a storage room. We ate, slept and lived in the big room. It was our study, dormitory, playground, especially in winter, and rest room. No chairs, no tables, no beds. The wooden floor was the mattress we slept on. It was here that my first sister was born. It was a cold night since I clearly remember the play of flames, lights and shadow. The midwife delivered the child close to the chimney. My face was covered to ensure that the birth scene would not have a corruptive influence on me. Crackles of the fire, murmur of the winds and the movement of the vestals intertwined to celebrate the birth of life. My little heart was throbbing with excitement at the thought of having a brother or sister.

In the morning, surrounded by a few women, the midwife announced the news to me.

-The stork brought you a baby sister.
-The stork?
-Yes, through the chimney.

I stormed out of the house. I was cheated out of the veracity of my own observation. A rage set in in my heart. A dense fog clouded the serenity of my childhood. My heart sank into taciturn despair. A behaviour that did not escape my mother's attention. One day she asked me:

-Are you sulky because of your sister?
-I am sulky because of your brazen lie that storks bring babies.
-Well, this is the story which we, usually, tell kids.
-A fairy tale when I've seen everything!?

Mum apologised and I was at the same time relieved of some undefinable weight and elated. Perhaps this unimportant episode, well engraved in my consciousness, had a lot to answer for in my subsequent suspicion of official truths and my subsequent rebellion to officialdom.

At the age of 13 I was locked in a police station for vandalism, more precisely vandalising some teachers' houses. It was an act of protest against the injustices perpetrated by the education system which favoured the middle class, if such a concept could be applied in a not prosperous town.

What infuriated me was the class teacher's statement that good or bad marks were irrelevant to me since, coming from a poor family, I would not be able to further my education. I retorted:

-Why the hell am I forced to attend school? Why should I waste my time with a lot of bullshit instead of enjoying the mountains in company with my grandfather's sheep? At least I could do something useful. Here and now I am challenging these middle class brats (I mentioned the objects of my grievances) in front of the class. If I fail I will be happy to repeat the year, but if they fail the pass mark should not be granted.

-It is preposterous to question the authority of a teacher -said my class teacher.

-Why should not I if justice is at stake?

The remark fell on deaf ears. Without much mental elaboration, I had resorted to retaliatory actions as above.

Police interrogations were simply invectives against deviationist behaviour. I ought to respect elders, parents, teachers, established values, law and order and, if in doubt, ask the authority for guidance. Naturally authority itself was beyond any question. While in custody, I began questioning the

power of God. If he was as almighty as presented to us then, if after an hours or so he were to fail to open the lock of the cell and let me out, it would mean that he was powerless. The miracle did not occur. God failed the test.

The head master called me to his office and, in the presence of all the teachers, asked me to apologise to my class teacher. I refused, adding that she was to apologise to me. On this note, and since I was within the age of compulsory attendance, I was expelled from school temporarily.

A profascist government was in power. The official creation of fascist organisations in and out of schools, was a bad social omen. My search for alternatives to fascism landed me in troubles. I was invited to a secret political meeting in the wood by a group which later I learned was very nationalistic, but for some inexplicable reason was detested by the Nazis.The Nazis were pretty violent and aggressive and had the support of the local police, at least at official level. It was incongruous that most of the people belonging to this group moved to the left. Whether it was a communist front, remains a mystery. It was the army that arrested and questioned us.A young officer interrogated me:

-Look young boy, forget about politics and communism, go home and continue your study. School is better than politics. Politics will get you nowhere but they definitely will lead you to either jail or losing your life. Anyhow you are too young for politics. Leave it to the others.

Freed, I went home. But from that point of time, my interest in communism began. Freedom to read subversive literature was a proscribed act and, therefore, was a kind of underground activity. A friend of mine lent me a book of poetry by a communist writer which I at the time, and now, appreciated a lot. He lent me the book on condition that if the police raided my place I would never mention his name. Such was the social climate in which alternative ideas had to operate. Anybody could be arrested, tortured, sent to jail, concentration camp or hard labour: the price of intellectual awakening. Also by fluke I had discovered some communist literature belonging to my uncle. Thus I came to realise that my uncle, as well as my father, was a communist but neither of them had ever mentioned anything to me. It was not advisable to openly air ideas that were biased against the government. The weak point of Fascism was that its aim of total domination was apparent rather than real since it had failed to penetrate the psychology of the masses and to become a mass movement. There was a newspaper with leftist leaning where the undesirable thoughts appeared in disguise, as the dreams of our subconscious mind, to escape the censor.

Nonetheless I had established contacts with communists, moved within communist circles, read communist literature but, despite all this, somehow I remained skeptical about communism as a practice in the Soviet Union. In other words I had preserved my independent critical thinking. There were a

few aspects that troubled my mind. The blind faith in the leadership was indistinguishable from the Nazi adoration of the Furher, but I considered it to be a temporary discrepancy. Hierarchical organization was another questionable aspect but, under the circumstances, it seemed acceptable. Anyhow my humble contribution was supplying bread to political prisoners. A task facilitated by the fact that I was working in my uncle's bakery which was close to the Prison.

In 1943 the winds began to change. Stalingrad signalled the defeat of the German might. This was the opinion of workers and peasants, with some exceptions - the German strategists and rabid Nazi and fascists. Anti-fascist activities increased and so did the activities of the gendarmerie in pursuit of partisans and subversives.

In September 1944 the Soviet Union declared war on Bulgaria and invaded the country. Fascism had already collapsed and the Red Army encountered no resistance. People were generally rejoicing to what was referred to as "liberation". All power was in the hands of various committees which sprang up on all aspects of social and economic organisations. Many political organisations, unknown to us, came into existence. The partisans came down from the mountains. Prisoners were freed. The Fatherland Front (Popular Front) was established as a government. Euphoria of freedom. Proliferation of ideas, flourishing of activities, creativities and catharsis. Emotional and intellectual upheavals, a revolutionary ethos and praxis. Assertiveness in all spheres of life. Society was adopting more and more libertarian practices. Society was moving to the left. But the revolutionary euphoria prevented us from seeing the menacing tentacles of a new reactionary force masked as communism. Its aim was to occupy the vacant throne of monarcho-fascist power, incorporate the former into its own structure, and establish complete social control.

I was asked by an ex-Nazi to attend the inaugural meeting of the communist youth. It gave me quite a shock to see a Nazi transformed into a communist activist within 24 hours. I declined the offer. Asked to explain my behaviour I told them that I had nothing to do with turn-coats as communist emissaries. I was flabbergasted to be told that their consciousness was transformed and that they were good comrades. For a little while I stood aloof from party politics. Later on I intentionally joined the Agrarian Party so that a youth organization could be formed in the town. A party equivalent to the Russian Socialist Revolutionary movement, at least in my way of seeing it then: factories to the workers, land to the peasants. The communists hindered its formation by some flimsy pretext that two antifascists had to be at the head of the new youth organization. I was one of them. My ex-comrades were outraged and began an aggressive and abusive campaign against me. I was a reactionary, sold out to Anglo-American capitalism. Even worse, they hated my guts because I became the Agrarian Youth representative on the Popular Front.

Behind the slogans of socialism, Popular Front Unity, people's democracy and workers' control were lurking the real features of communism: total social control under its fist, hammer and sickle. Anyone who disagreed with its policy was a dupe, a traitor or an agent of some or other kind of capitalism. In reality it was the communist bureaucrats and leaders who were agents of Stalinism and stooges of the Soviet interests. Marxism was an ideology, Lenin was the saint, Stalin the hero, the vicar of Marxism on this earth. He was beyond criticism. Taking over the Ministry of the Interior, they set on to chain the mouth of dissent, to repress the difference in thinking and, most importantly, to transform the proletariat into a cog of an oppressive machine.

Due to the Communist Party's pressure to establish its hegemony over the Popular Front, the latter split into two factions. Those in Government, including the communists, and the Opposition without them. The scenario was set for a struggle to a bitter and tragic end for the Opposition and for the Bulgarian people.

I was the first in my town to publicly declare support for the Opposition by bill-postering. For this act I was arrested and delivered to Popular Front Headquarters. I was held for four hours. Threats, cajoling and bribes were the methods of interrogation. They told me repeatedly that I was treading a dangerous path. I was reminded of my progressive past, of my proletarian origin. As a communist, a bright future and excellent opportunities waited for me: a grant to study in the Soviet Union. But only if I was to change my mind. I bluntly rejected all offers. They were infuriated: "There is no future for you in Communist Bulgaria. Think seriously!" To which I replied:

-As long as I am healthy I don't care. I can do any kind of work.
-There will be no jobs for you! -was the response.

Thus the destiny of a proletarian peasant was sealed: enemy of the people, enemy of communism, enemy of the State. I was at odds with my father too. I had missed the chance of my lifetime. I could escape poverty, persecution, damnation. I knew I broke my old man's heart. I broke his hopes and, inadvertently, his life and the life of my family who paid dearly for my actions. But I could not betray the support of the peasants I had in my district nor could I betray myself. This would have been equal to suicide. I looked at my father. His face sank in despair while I hardly could hold my emotional outburst at seeing the eradication of his hopes and the loss of his son. It was also the point of realization that I had lost my father, mum and my sisters. It was a matter of time only .

Participation in the Popular Front, first as an activist for the government and, secondly, in opposition to it, I acquired a clear vision of wide differences between those in power and the powerless majority. Also the magic spell and real corruption that power exerted on its holder and the way it changed the human psyche for the worse. It dawned to me that the

emancipation of peasants, workers and people is not to conquer political power, but to abolish it. That freedom, land, bread and peace for all could not be achieved by delegating power to government or institutions but by directly participating in decision making and taking our life in our own hands. Talking about it to one of my female comrades she quipped: "But then you are an anarchist." Then I told her that if that was anarchism then I was an anarchist. I read some of the anarchist publications but it was difficult to obtain them since the stationers were mostly controlled by the Communist Party. Anarchist literature was never displayed. To buy an anarchist newspaper I had to buy the communist one too. The anarchists were the first to be suppressed by the Popular Front government. Anarchism was feared by the communists since it was a reminder of an authentic socialist consciousness. Fascism, nazism, imperialism were catch words to mobilize and manipulate the masses, whereas anarchism was feared because it was carrying in itself the hopes of the proletariat, of the people: the seeds of the Social Revolution, already in inception.

To cut the story short I ended up in a concentration camp, euphemistically referred to as a "camp of reeducation". If in Nazi Germany "Work makes you free"", them in socialist Bulgaria "Work educates you. It changes the reactionary bourgeois consciousness into a socialist one, as understood by the Party". It was in these camp that I, for the first time, met anarchists and joined their group. It was the acme of my political struggle, the synthesis of thoughts, dreams, emotions and ethics in pursuit of social and personal justice and freedom. At the end of 1947, at the request of the Popular Front of my town, I was freed. On my way home I decided to pay a visit to my communist uncle. I told him of becoming an anarchist.

-Anarchist now!
This genuine communist looked at me with amazement and bewilderment.
-You are mad! Do you know what you are doing? You've signed your death warrant!
-But we fought for communism, didn't we? - I retorted.
-Look son, this is not communism, this is Stalinism. They don't play games, they kill!

Later on this was the reaction of my father too.

Three weeks after my arrival home I was arrested. But the temporary freedom I had enjoyed was to my advantage. From the first day of my arrival, the secret services were collecting information about my plans, movement and thinking. I was aware that the real danger would come from the inner circle of my friends. Two of them confessed to be police informers and I used them as a vehicle for informing about myself. Knowing what the police knew about me I succeeded in being temporarily released which gave me the chance to escape from their clutches and cross the border into Turkey.

It was at the end of 1947 that I touched the soil of Turkey. Sense of relief!

Death was cheated! I crossed the Bulgarian border, my Rubicon, not with fanfare, but stealthily, not to conquer but to inhale freedom. The die was cast. The curtain fell and I found myself in Limbo with tears in happiness and happiness in sadness. Suddenly the world behind me vanished, engulfed in the flames of nothingness and turning the soul into ashes. In the pyre of destiny I sacrificed my comrades in concentration camps or prisons, my parents and sisters.

The old memory, forced into exile in the recesses of the brain, lingered for a long time tormenting my consciousness. On the other side the inception of a new memory, within the confined space of the "Free" world's cell was not a good omen either. The only dream-like future lay in the ashes of nothingness, as a potentiality like the resurrection of the Phoenix. Nonetheless a resurrected Phoenix in the "Free World", if pursuing freedom, justice, social and economic equality could well be sacrificed to the altar of political expediency: but hopes lingered.

After a few months at "leisure" in Political Police Headquarters, then Birinci Sube, we were found jobs and let free. Out of the pen, in the open air, freedom exhilarated the spirit, but it recoiled when faced with the bronze face of brutality, of slavery and exploitation. A society that combines the filthy opulence of a few with the opulent immesiration of the many is a parody of democracy and freedom. Beginning with Ataturk, Turkey was moving towards modernisation but the western cold war produced condiments that had made it subservient to the political expediency of the USA policy of encirclement of the Soviet Union. Instead of diversification and democratization of society the American presence hastened its militarization.

As refugees we were privileged because, not understanding the language, we were seen as innocuous observers of the spectacle. And to a great extent that was the case. For most of the migrants Turkey was seen as a transit country, all eyes were looking westward. The majority of the refugees were settled in hotels and hostels provided by the government, with the help of UNRA. Ghettoisation of the mind, self-imposed censorship not to offend the host country and the lack of language as a tool of communication with the locals, prevented undesirable thoughts contaminating the gentle ripples of malcontent.

In a country where the media was daily vomiting anti-communist slogans, emphatically stating the evil of the red menace, and a government affected by CIA cold war bacillus, the slightest hint of something approximating leftism was to be silenced or liquidated. As was the case of Sabatin Ali, a well-known journalist in Turkey, who was killed in an alleged attempt to escape to Bulgaria. A great number of students who dared to voice their thoughts were drowned in the wells of the city of Istanbul.

Politically speaking the Bulgarian refugees were divided into two main groups: Agrarians, the majority, and then Nationalists and others. Within

these groups subsisted various trends, sometimes antagonistic and irreconcilable which led to inner struggles, splinter groups, to accusation and counter-accusation. The struggle against communism degenerated into internal squabbles. Deracinated, separated from the mother earth, with broken illusions, a life vacillating between nostalgic depressions and a future without horizons, they were often pitiful toys in the hands of cruel destiny. Frustrated by the life of coercive familiarity, simmering with rage, some expressed the most dark aspects of their submerged world: using violence to arbitrate disputes, and the hated methods of their enemies to silence dissent. Obviously, in the bosom of their being they harboured authoritarianism, intolerance to otherness and others' ideas, antagonism to any free thought and fear of freedom. Some succumbed to the pressure of Anglo-American and the State's security services to form diversionist groups in order to destabilize the established communist governments. The repercussions of this policy played into the hands of communist oppression, providing them with sufficient justification to uproot whole families. But often these dupes of foreign interests would be betrayed by the hands that had fed and armed them, and consequently eliminated by the Bulgarian security forces. Thus many lost their lives being pawns in this dirty game. But this game was elevated to a patriotic scenario to placate the guilt of traitors and collaborators.

At the time the Turkish Trade Union movement was invisible since it was identified with communism. The Eight Hour Day was exceptionally rare. The working day lasted from 12 to 16 hours, sleeping on the premises and poorly paid. I worked and lived in Kuchuk Langa (then market gardens, in a huge cardboard box in a shed covered with corrugated iron to protect us from rain) in Aksaray and sometimes worked as a plumber on building sites. This gave me some opportunities to meet socialist oriented workers who could not understand why an atheist and a kind of socialist would escape from Bulgaria. Trying to prove the incongruity of my stand, some of them took me on a guided tour of Istanbul, a town virtually within the walls of old Konstantinopolis: walls which gave shelter to many poverty stricken, to those who lived in the garbage bins of society.

I had difficulty in putting a socialistic critique of socialism, to make them discern the contradictions between socialism as a theory and as a praxis, to those who had unwavering faith in socialism. My explanation was hindered by language limitations. To what extent I succeeded in clarifying that socialism as a theory, and the Stalinist "socialist" import, are contrarieties, I was not sure.

Nonetheless, I insisted that socialism that had the State as its master; that managed nationalized and private capital; where decision making was made by top dogs and imposed on the underdogs; where labour was glorified while bureaucrats and apparatchiks reaped the rewards: was socialism in name but not in virtue. A society where workers' critical faculties had been crushed, where workers were mere numbers, where their contribution was measured by productivity rather than participation in social affairs, had no

claim to socialism. It might occupy volumes of academic exercises, entertain the egos of ideological elites but it remained irrelevant to socialist praxis.

When my Turkish comrades (I called them comrades since they harboured sincere socialist feelings) pointed at the mosques as crystallization of ignorance and argued that religion was the opium of the people we were in agreement. When I stated that socialism as the function of the state is the opium of the proletariat or, at least, a soporific pill to quiet discontent and smooth the burden of exploitation, they were rather sceptical and perplexed.

Despite everything, they had made my stay in Turkey pleasant and gave some significance to my new becoming. When I departed the country, I was sad to leave behind those who, in stealth, argued the virtues and vices of socialism, never to see or hear from them again. Thus another page was closed forever. But the memory has remained.

After fifty years I decided to pay my second visit to Istanbul. The visit exceeded my expectation in spite of the fact that the new Istanbul, a phallic jungle like other big cities, had obliterated most of the bench marks of my memory. While the first visit was a necessary outcome of a harassed soul in search of respite, the second was an attempt to step twice in the same current of life and resurrect the unresurrectable.

Turkey, despite attempts towards secularization, reform and openness, could not erase the elusive religious-secular authoritarian armour imbedded in the collective consciousness that helped to derail the original intentions. The smell of power transformed Kemalism into a rabid nationalism reasserting Turkish centrality within the boundary of Modern Turkey. Shifting the capital from Istanbul to Angora (Ankara) was to the point. Centralisation of power undermined the genuine will for reform, strengthened the hands of bureaucracy and allowed the resurgence of reaction in new attire. Thus on the ruins of the Ottoman Empire a new imperialism was born headed by the radical bourgeoisie which had channelled the revolutionary zest to its own power proclivities. It forged national revolutionary images to quiet the bewilderment of the doubtfuls and to marginalize the recalcitrants.

Turkish nationalism was strengthened by a booster injection in allowing the USA to establish bases on its territory, and by becoming a pawn in the hands of the US military strategy. In this scenario multi-cultural life had eroded. Turkey was not Serbia or Iraq, a thorn in the USA's endeavour to hegemony. That some ethnic groups were on the verge of disappearance due to the process of assimilation or violence was irrelevant since the USA and Turkish interests converged.

The largest ethnic group, the Kurds, are referred to as the Turks of the mountains, implying either some kind of inferiority or lack of civilization, and therefore, have to be domesticated, assimilated or eliminated. In this case, human rights means dehydration of life since they opposed the USA and

Turkish oppressions. Ethnic groups which are not subordinated to global and local capitalism or which hinder the profitability of multinational investments are not desirable inhabitants of the global village. Since Kurdistan is failing to satisfy such prerequisites, therefore its integration into Turkey was an ought. Emotional exhilaration with liberation, self determination and independence are marketable commodities if they are in the service of Capital and Power. Otherwise, the rebels are terrorists, the victims delinquents and the people subversives. They are of no value to the State. The army, police and gendarmerie have values. They enjoy carnage. It is their occupation. Their massacres are not crimes against humanity or acts of terrorism. They are acts of law and order. Violence against terrorism is enshrined in the Neo Liberal Order. And it is pretty obvious by humanitarian wars, impoverished uranium missiles, intelligent and smart bombs on impoverished people.

Revisiting Turkey coincided with the capture of Ocalan. The "evil" man was delivered to his "good" captors, especially trained to deal with dangerous political criminals who threaten stability, tranquillity and the peace of the country. What stability? Stability of the rich to use people as manure of capital gains? Stability of order that condemns millions to pauperism? What tranquillity does rebellion disturb? Tranquillity of those who, hiding behind the law, calmly suck the blood of the exploited? Tranquillity that justifies pillage? Tranquillity that sends youth to the battle fields to fight the dirty war of governments and Capital? The real danger to social cohesion, stability, tranquillity and peace are the pillars of the government, the army, the police and the merchants of human souls. They are the enemy of society!

At the same time, Turkey was in the grip of election fever. A comic show of clowns and display of the voluntary servitude of the masses. It looked like a fancy dress party for the outside world to show that democracy in Turkey is not simply apparent, but also functional. The election was a match between patriots-nationalists. On the one hand, were the fundamentalists whose absolute moral virtues were incarnated in Allah; on the other hand, secularists having as a reference point, Ataturk.

Within the climate of electoral euphoria, tension and oppression were easily detected. Istanbul University was surrounded by the police and the army in full combat gear. Inside there were more detectives, with guns hidden under their coats, than there were students. Any visitor to the bastion of learning, free inquiry and impartiality was checked thoroughly - and this in the house of intellect? It was obvious where the real power lay. But behind the scenario of oppression lurked the dark figure of the avatars of globalization, and the invisible hand of the CIA.

Like a wild beast, Ocalan was chased from Syria, through Athens to Moscow, where the latter refused him political asylum since tsar Boris preferred a plate of golden metal to saving the life of his destitute ex-comrade-in-arms. From Russia to Rome where another ex-communist

rejected his status as a refugee and sent him back to Russia. Ocalan's life was a life on tenterhooks. Back to Moscow, then Greece, Minsk, unsuccessful attempts to enter Holland, back to Greece: the circle tightened around him. The CIA greyhounds smelled blood and victory after Pangalos decided to "boot him out" of Greece and deport him to Kenya. On 15th of February Ocalan ended up in the hands of the Turkish Security Services. The newspaper "Huriyet" as quoted by The Economist (20-26 February, 1999 p. 34) boasted that "Turkey showed the world it was a great state by capturing the baby-killer". Ecevet was quick to assure that "justice is very free in Turkey...It need not last too long because the PKK's leadership are well known" (Time, March 1, 1999) To top it all off, was the discovery that: "Ocalan has a brutal, capricious and autocratic record, even within his own movement" and "his arrest...may allow the group to refashion itself in a more civilized, democratic guise" (The Economist, as above).

Leadership implies brutality, sometimes in suave colours to enhance popularity! Capriciousness to assert authority on wavering souls and to create fear by its unpredictability! Autocratic, if he is to be a successful machiavellian prince to dominate, manipulate, impose and humiliate. But its success depends also on the servile consciousness and wilful submission of his subjects. Ocalan in power, would not be an iota better that the Ecevets or Clintons of this world. As to the baby-killer, how many babies have died and are dying in Iraq, due to Turkish invasions from time to time in north Iraq in order to wipe out the Kurdish partisans, and to American wilful bombing and non-violent embargo?

The Kurdish question was created by the great democratic tradition based, as any power, on the Roman "civility": Divide and Rule. It was England and France, which,with the treaty of Sevres in 19 0, cut Kurdistan into pieces to ensure their imperialistic interests, the petrol. Was it not England that crushed the Kurdish rebellion in Iraq in 1918? And when,after the Second World War, the Kurdish Democratic Party (KDP), supported by the Soviet Union, was formed trying to establish an autonomous republic, it was another "great" democratic country, the champion of self-determination and human rights, the USA, using Iranian troops, that buried any hopes. The abdication of the Shah in 1979 changed nothing. Around 50,000 Kurds and 5,000 peshmergas lost their lives fighting for liberation. And in Turkey, avant post of American Strategy, from 19 0 to 1991, 100,000 Kurds were incarcerated, not to count those killed.

While the Kurds are stuck in the permanent Limbo of ethnic cleansing, the democratic press, with few exceptions, is silent. The USA which is financing, modernizing and arming the Turkish army, has no time for the Kurds. The latter's fight or claim for freedom, independence or autonomy run contrary to American and other capitalist interests. Undermining the sovereignty of a friendly State, the Kurdish struggle is presented as terrorism. Human rights? It is a con job. They only have value if they are at the service of the New Liberal Order and function in accordance to its

prescriptions.

Despite the gloomy picture I have painted of the damned, where poverty, exploitation, servitude, ethnic cleansing and war are endemic, there are many human beings that continue to dream, defying the heavy odds of global economics, financial and political criminality and carry the flame of a libertarian utopia. In Turkey there are hearths of such groups that radiate light in the darkness of the political night, that plough furrows in the consciousness of the oppressed and sow the seed of rebellion, freedom and radical imageries. They are young, enthusiastic and within the alchemy of modern politics, carry a fevered revolutionary imagination without the fanfare of exhibitionism. Surrounded by rabid nationalists, religious bigotry, fundamentalists and the concubines of the Liberal World Order, they live, function and work in harsh conditions. Harsh! Certainly harsh, since tyranny is not born in Anarchy but springs forth from the shadows of Authority.

A small event to remember. A tiny basement room crammed with books - such familiar names: Bakunin, Kropotkin, etc. Here the weavers of the revolution spin the thread of Ariadne to get out of the catacombs of marginalization. Here they write, publish, distribute and read books with anarchist contents. My friend and I have come here several times and enjoyed their company and hospitality as we sip tea and coffee, smoke and debate. A friendly place! No weapons! No bombs! Only thoughts, ideas and struggle. Now we enter again. But this time two impeccably dressed gentlemen are taking "notes". Seeing us, they ask: "Who are they?" The answer is spontaneous: "Friends, visitors". My friend is naively amazed. "What an orderly and quiet meeting" she whispers to me "How carefully they take the Minutes!". "Naturally" - I said later - "It was the Thought Police, the limbs of the law. Judges of subversivity. They were taking Police notes, not Minutes". They question, investigate, order and indict. One comrade was charged with sedition because he wrote an article dealing with the Kurdish issue.(1) The editor was given an option: either resign or face jail; either freedom to be silent or the limbo of free slavery. Is it not terrorism to regard thoughts and ideas as subversive acts that have to be suppressed?

Nonetheless, it was a pleasure to see the pale face of anarchism, this faint spark that might one day ignite a rebellion. Rebellion accompanied by a process of liberation which will ensue, not in substituting one power for another, but in radical changes in favour of the oppressed. As for me the dialogue with these genuine comrades was an existential experience that captured my heart and strengthened my faith in anarchism.

Jack

(1) See "What is going on in Kurdistan?" in this issue.

What is Going On in Kurdistan?

Thousands of Kurdish demonstrators have shaken more than 30 cities of the world, when Abdullah Ocalan, president of PKK (Kurdish Workers Party) was recently captured in Kenya and brought to Turkey thanks to an operation possibly organized by Turkey, US, Israel and Greece. Receiving an intensive coverage from local and international media, Ocalan's arrest gave rise not only to numerous rumors, but also to new discussions over Kurdish question as well as a campaign of bombed attacks which have overshadowed the intoxication of Turkish government. Yet these tragic events are only the up date versions of a longstanding bloodshed that remarked the Kurdish history.

130 Years Of Agony

Being one of the largest stateless nations of the world, approximately 29 million Kurds are scattered in four major states, namely Turkey, Iran, Iraq, Syria with bits in European and former USSR countries. The fact that they have been denied simplest political and cultural rights is the very cause of Kurdish National Liberation Struggle estimated to be 130 years old.

The long and bloody adventure of Kurdish people has lasted till nowadays thanks to unimaginable pains as well as moral, material and social destructions. A few hundred thousands of killed and disappeared; tens of thousands villages and cities being burned and destroyed; forced migrations figuring out in a few millions; tens of thousands people tortured and imprisoned mainly in four colonialist states, namely Turkey, Iran, Iraq and Syria; and a completely destructed geography. As for those who were lucky enough to escape from this nightmarish adventure and survive, they are subjected to an unbearable poverty, extending from Arabic deserts to Western metropolises. Having left behind and far away their home land, the Kurds became an exiled society trying to survive from day to day here and there. Furthermore, the thousands years old traditional life of Kurdish people has completely been spoilt and the doors have been opened for a moral and social alienation which already has reached to frightening levels.

Being the biggest part among others, Turkish Kurdistan has been the field of Kurdish National Liberation Struggle since 1920s. More than 40 major tribal insurrections took place on this part and all of them were suppressed with bloody massacres. By the 70s, the tribal approach of Kurdish National Liberation Struggle in Turkish Kurdistan was replaced with contemporary socialist patriotism and thus the struggle became massive by the 80s. Finally the armed resistance started by PKK in 1984 has opened a new page in Turkish Kurdistan and managed to bring about great improvements that could never be dreamed of. After 12 years of a hard struggle, by the 90s, PKK has turned toward the diplomacy and the integration to the international status-quo. Many speculations have been put forward regarding this turn of PKK. What makes things complicated to understand is that PKK proclaimed uniteral cease-fires,

at the very moment when it was at the peak of its military struggle. Its long hesitation whether to continue armed struggle or to choose negotiation tables, resulted in the diminishing of its favorable military position which can be well considered as the beginning of Ocalan's journey towards Turkey. While Mr Ocalan is waiting for his trial, the long history of Kurdish national movement went under an intensive questioning. The cost of this struggle is clear to everyone. How about its gains? There relies a deep discussion, the very content of this article. Let us claim that the alleged gains of this struggle are not as great as they are seen. Due to some very clear reasons:

Firstly, all Kurdish bourgeois classes still maintain their existence. One can even talk about a regression in this regard; during the 70s, Kurdish bourgeois classes have received quite a good deal of blows from Kurdish socialist groups, but nowadays, all Kurdish bourgeois classes have strong links with all political groups under the pretext of patriotism.

The phenomenon of religion represents another setback. Again during the 70s, Kurdish socialist organizations had succeeded to reduce the effects of religion and even in certain regions, religious structures were about to be completely discarded. But nowadays, all the structures of religious exploitation have once again reemerged under the name of "Patriotic Union Of Kurdish Devouts."

One other point on which a lot of stories are fabricated is the so-called liberation of Kurdish women. Nothing can be further from the truth! Some Kurdish women have joined the guerrilla forces in the mountains while others appeared with their traditional clothes in the demonstrations carried out throughout the cities. That is all about it. One has to be absolutely blind to call this a women liberation. If the sexual slavery could be abolished so easily, for example all Palestinian and Algerian women should of been free now. However we all know that the truth is quite opposite. Despite all the legends fabricated, Kurdish women continue to moan under a cruel sexual exploitation. The significant photos of women guerrillas appearing on Kurdish press, must not create any confusion. The slavery position of Kurdish women absolutely remains unchanged; at home, at the kitchen and at the bedroom, Kurdish woman continues to suffer from the universal male domination. Unfortunately, the faith of Kurdish women can not be changed neither with a few showpiece women organizations nor with the strange existence of Kurdish "nationalist feminists".

We have got a few words to say about academic and cultural works as well. 0f course, we do not totally dismiss the importance of these works, especially of Kurdish press which emerged by the blood of so many people. In this regard, we respect all the sincere efforts of these valuable people. But nowadays, things are changing in a different way. Revolutionary opponent Kurdish press has now turned to "Kurdish Media". What does that mean? It means a tight centralization and standardization in the fields of language, culture and as a whole in social life. Such a centralization shall inevitably kill

the colorful cultural flora of Kurdish society. It will reduce the unlimited colorfulness of Kurdish society to a single-type shape. With other words, the variety among the Kurdish society shall be fitted in to a uniform. It is quite dis putable whether this is a progress or some sort of an alienation.

A Brand-New Political Business; Peace Marketing!

The phenomenon of "peace" is the key word of the current process. Not a single day passes without the activities of peace defenders. European Parliament members, Non Government Organizations, Human Rights defenders and even representatives of various Churches are running around with attracting peace projects in their briefcases. All of them are dying to establish peace "at any cost". We do not exactly know by whom they are appointed and financed but it is quite easy to understand that they represent the interests of some particular Western and European States. Of course, several exceptions can be made. In this regard, we believe the sincerity of some peace activists who devote themselves to stop the current bloodshed. It would be a brutality to mix up such honest efforts with those of the European States. But unfortunately, governments and politicians play the "peace" game better than anyone else.

By the way, what does peace mean? Very simple: The entire Kurdish movement which had risen for "Free Kurdistan" shall be integrated to existing regime of Turkish State against which Kurds have fought for so many years. If Turkey agrees to put an end to the question on the talk tables, most optimistically, there can be only two results; a) The right of political representation b) Various cultural rights serving the national identity of Kurds. Anything else? Nothing!

As we all know, peace talks are always based on bloody bargains. Such negotiations can never solve any social questions, but rather they "postpone" the questions to an unknown future. Aren't we aware of the results of similar successful peace talks? Look at Palestine and various Latin American countries; what came out of the peace negotiations carried out in those countries? Certain political structures may have profited from those negotiations, but it is very hard to pretend that the peace has brought about significant changes in the lives of the peoples living in those countries. If we are not waiting for some sort of miracles, peace talks on Kurdish question shall inevitably come to the same end. Converted to handsome diplomats Kurds will thus become the new players of endless diplomacy games. The outcomes of these games are so clear to all of us that any further comments will only be a waste of time.

What Does An Independent Kurdish State Mean?

There is one more question left: Is there any other choice apart from the filthy results of peace negotiations? Kurdish patriotic vanguards claim that there is one. While addressing to Kurdish public opinion, Kurdish politicians always

stress that peace talks are only a tool and their actual goal is the founding of a "Independent United Kurdistan". They claim that once the national existence of Kurds has been accepted by Turkish State, the legalization of current Kurdish political structures will inevitably lead to a Kurdish state. Well, the claim itself is quite disputable as Turkish state is clever enough to foresee such a danger. On the other hand, such a legalization of Kurdish structures may well integrate all the Kurds to existing system, reducing Kurdish state to a delusive notion. But let's just imagine that everything went alright and "Independent United Kurdistan" has pulled up a chair in the UN. What kind of changes can a Kurdish state bring about in the life of Kurdish people, other than turning them, very possibly, to Israeli-type oriental consumers of global capitalism? So what happened when many similar national projects gained victory many years ago in Russia, China, Cuba, Nicaragua, Algeria and Vietnam? Weren't the consequences of similar achievements in those countries disastrous enough? And today, what do Sweden, Norway, Holland, Belgium type welfare states look like? Aren't the societies of these countries suffering from a huge social alienation? So what is the point of importing and adopting already wrecked social systems in to Kurdistan? The joyful spirit of Kurdish society can not be ruined through the adventure of modernism. Consequently, the concept of an Independent Kurdish State is as hopeless as the results of peace talks.

Some Obstacles

Due to the absence of opponent voices, Kurdish movement suffers from a great deal of theoretical poverty. Any different perspectives towards the cause of Kurdish people are quickly considered to be "betrayal." Having captured the initiative by discarding the Kurdish revolutionaries, Kurdish politicians (now diplomats) can therefore run their manoeuvres without much difficulty. In this regard, a significant deal of massacres have been imposed to those who intended to break the current theoretical domination.

Several other factors can be mentioned; the chauvinism against the Kurds, the extra pollution of Oriental politics, continuous fratricide among heavily armed Kurdish organizations and the fedupness of long years passed with armed struggle. These factors altogether prepare the basis for an urgent solution. Kurdish society naturally wants to escape from this impasse as soon as possible and at such a point, it does not really matter whether the type of solution is profitable or not. This is the essence of current process which facilitates the imposing of filthy policies to ongoing social movement. Thus, you can imagine the difficulty of expressing new thoughts.

The Anarchist Concept

Many if not all, think that anarchism has nothing to do with Kurdish society. While we carry on certain debates with Kurdish patriots, they always claim that anarchism is a luxurious idea for Kurdistan, as Kurdish society is very

much backwarded. It is sad to see that this false argument sometimes makes a certain reflection on various comrades in anarchist ranks as well. Is anarchism really distant from the social life in Kurdistan? Nothing of the sort! Certainly Kurdistan is not a perfect bed for anarchism, just like any other societies aren't. But on the other hand, some very significant motives are hidden among the Kurdish society which represent great opportunities for the spreading of anarchist thought throughout Kurdistan. We shall examine some of them, trying not to fall into the traps of tribal romanticism.

When we put forward anarchism, we neither talk of a fabrication nor do we mean various imported prescriptions that are stranger to Kurdish society. The social life in Kurdistan itself carries certain trails which are in harmony with anarchism. First of all, Kurdish society has never recognized a social centralization although it lived within the boundaries of various states. Despite long periods of imposed assimilation, Kurds have always protected their own organizational structures. With the real meaning of the word, Kurds never felt themselves connected to a centralized authority, namely the state. Ordinary Kurdish person does not know what "citizenship" means.

The natural orientation of Kurdish society has a tribal basis. Each tribe holds a certain area composed of several villages or sometimes small cities. All tribes maintain their own social life in harmony with surrounding tribes. Each tribal area is like a little country with its folkloric motives, with its own production of material necessities. One tribe can be famous with animal feeding while another would be professional at agriculture. So Kurdistan is the country of thousands similar tribes whose social life is based on a complete decentralization. This decentralization was to such an extent that linguistic characters used to exist even between neighboring villages. These tribes from time to time used to face various problems and quarrels due to certain reasons. Even in such cases, until the recent years, they would not warmly welcome the intervention of the state forces. They would settle the conflicts among themselves. The worst would be armed clashes between the tribes which would be stopped by the intervention of other neighboring tribes. You could fight with your neighbor and break the relations for a certain while. But on the first religious or folkloric feast, some old figures respected in that region would establish peace between you and your neighbor.

What we mean is the fact that, most institutions of the modern state had no place among Kurdish society. The principal functioning of social life in Kurdistan, was based on social tolerance and moral codes. Therefore, the "State" was an outer object in the life of Kurdish society. The state has always represented a dangerous negativity. Among the most majority of Kurdish society, the state was always understood as a "trouble" which should definitely be kept away. The state forces would only come to a village; to take young boys to the army or to collect taxes or to construct a school to teach them a foreign language by force. Kurds were sure that the state forces would not come to their villages for a peaceful and innocent aim. Living under the

domination of various states, a great deal of rage has always existed in the hearts of Kurds towards the authority of the state. So, the police, soldiers and all kinds of state clerks are naturally hated by Kurds. Even nowadays, at the peak of national feelings, Kurdish patriots can not manage to convince Kurds that a police, a soldier, a prison can be used for the benefit of Kurdish society. Similarly, Kurdish patriots always complain about the fact that Kurds do not place sufficient attention on creating their own "national institutions". It is certainly true that Kurds hate "institutions" be they national or foreign and it is not a lackness at all, but it is the very essence of Kurdish mentality that is shaped by profound traditions of a decentralized society.

The decentralized social life of Kurdistan hardly protects its existence nowadays. Continuous state of armed struggle, assimilation of colonialist powers, forced immigrations and the increasing effect of the modernization have altogether spoilt the social life of Kurds. Most dynamic population of Kurdistan runs to the cities while remaining population also settles strong links with the urban relatives. Similarly, natural production is about to stop which is the fact that opens the doors for artificial products to enter Kurdistan, taking together the habits of modern consumption. But despite all these negative improvements, the attitude of Kurds towards the state and its institutions, continues to exist, though not as strong as before. The Kurds may live in Istanbul, London, Paris and Frankfurt at the moment, but the very essence of their mentality is still preserved to some extent, despite the hard pliers of modern society. For the Kurds, the moral codes among themselves are much more important than the written laws of the constitution in whichever country they live. We must tell you that, due to the existence of Kurdish refugees there, most European countries have been obliged to change many of their constitutional laws since the Kurds made a good use of those laws which were originally designed for a typical European citizen who is some sort of a volunteer slave.

Kurds belong to the mountains! The grey and spiritless atmosphere of the modern urban life is absolutely suffocating for the Kurds who grew up in the embrace of fresh morning winds. Vast Kurdish masses had discovered the urban life especially as of the 70s. The modern way of life in the cities used to seem exciting in the beginning. But now Kurdish society starts to recognize the unbearable consequences of the technological madness. In brief, what we are saying is that the concept of a modern state finds supporters not among ordinary Kurdish people but only among a tiny politicians and intellectuals who crazily love the modernization.

So all these points we have been telling above, bring us to the conclusion that, anarchism has quite a number of common motives with Kurdish society. We can not pretend that there are no obstacles at all. Certainly there are. Private possession, phenomenon of religion, sexual exploitation over the women and the existence of Kurdish bourgeois classes are only few of those obstacles. But it still remains our firm opinion that the natural mentality of an

ordinary Kurd has a suitable basis for anarchism. Anarchist roots exist at the very depth of Kurdish society. Thousands years old traditional life of Kurds used to be based on a *chaotic* colorfulness. The only question is how can anarchists manage to eliminate the authoritarian elements from this traditional life and how will we be able to refresh those decentralist roots

However, we are aware of the fact that our anarchist approach towards Kurdistan, is not that much practical for the current process. Unfortunately, we are not strong enough to carry out certain projects for the achievements of our goals. Discovering anarchism only a few years ago, our principal work is naturally propagandistic. Therefore, we do not expect a sudden increase of anarchism in Kurdistan. We regard ourselves as the passengers of a long journey.

On the other hand, our faith is strongly linked to the faiths of our world wide comrades. Our planet faces huge social problems as well as an intensive ecological destruction. All the living beings inhabiting this planet are suffering from the profound offensives of global capitalism. At such a stage of history, can we be so cruel to separate our Kurdistan for instance from our beloved Africa where our 800 thousands dearest sisters and brothers were massacred just in one week?

It may seem "unrealistic" for time being, but we also have a deal in the depthness of our heart. Instead of "United Independent Kurdish State", we want a decentralized and cantonal free Kurdistan, which is the form that suits best to the original Kurdish life. A stateless and decentralized ecological life in harmony with the nature is our utopia of future Kurdistan. And we believe that the current nightmarish struggle of Kurdish people can only be crowned in this way; unconditional liberty in the embrace of the mountains!

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Yaşasın Aşk Yaşasın Devrim!

LONG LIVE LOVE

LONG LIVE

THE REVOLUTION!

Karl Marx-Anti-Bourgeois or Neo-Bourgeois?
By Max Nomad, written 196?

Loathed by the haves of the Western status quo as the satanic symbol of subversion and worshipped by millions of the educated and uneducated malcontents as the Holy Ghost of the world-redeeming Marx- Lenin-Mao Trinity, the author of The Communist Manifesto and of ___ Kapital is a psychological enigma to many maverick radicals. Was he really the Anti-Bourgeois incarnate? Was he really the champion of the horny-handed underdog? Or shouldn't he rather be called the crypto-ideologist of the neo-bourgeoisie, the office-holders and managers of the non-capitalist orbit? And isn't the credit which he deserves as the merciless critic of capitalist exploitation, counter-balanced by the fact that he never as much as hinted at the possibility of a post-capitalist subjection of the uneducated masses to the non-capitalist owners of the invisible "capital" called education?

To reassure my readers, I promise them that I'll not torment them with a discussion of such subjects as the labor theory of value, surplus value, materialist interpretations of history, dialectical materialism, or even "alienation" - the pet subject of present-day philosophical marxologists, I'll stick exclusively to the one single theme, the one which Marx only fleetingly touched upon in his work - exactly the one which at present is of greater importance than all the others taken together.

1.

"The will", Schopenhauer says somewhere, "forbids the intellect to hit upon certain ideas; it prevents the rise of certain lines of thought . . . in order to prevent painful and shameful shocks." Without referring to this passage the radical German sociologist Franz Oppenheimer mentions in his monumental Derstaat the way the conservative economist Adolf Wagner reacted to his (Oppenheimer's) views about the State. At variance with the current idea -accepted by Marx as well - about the evolutionary, that is non-violent origin of that venerable institution, Oppenheimer defended the realistic thesis that the emergence of the State and of the privileged classes was everywhere and at all times the result of a conquest, that is of, mass brigandage and mass homicides. A highly esteemed member of the privileged classes, Adolf Wagner winced at this implied slur at the traditional respectable genealogy of the Prussian Establishment. So, instead of arguing with his radical colleague, he expressed his shock with the words "Es kann doch nicht wirlich so sein!" (It couldn't really be so!)

It is with a similar shock that a few decades earlier, the founder of what is called "scientific socialism," reacted to Bakunin's prophetic analysis of Marx's concept of the "dictatorship of the proletariat". In his last work, Statism and Anarchy (1873), the founder of the revolutionary anarchist movement wrote what fifty years later was to become a commonplace, namely that the dictatorship of workers, was but the rule of "government engineers who will constitute a new privileged, scientific political class." To Marx this prediction of his rival was a preposterous reverie.

This unrealistic response to what was the obvious truth brings up the question of what was hiding behind the "will" that "forbade" Marx's "intellect to hit upon the idea" suggested by Bakunin, and that "prevented the rise of those lines of thought" which could touch upon the question of the antagonism between the manual workers, that is, the uneducated, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, the intellectual workers, or, as Bakunin put it, "the government engineers who will constitute a new, privileged, scientific. political class." For, in Marx's opinion, there was no antagonism, present or future, between these two classes; they were both parts of the "proletariat" - a term which, though it colloquially refers to the manual workers, in strict socialist terminology covers all recipients of wages and salaries, regardless of whether they are college-bred or illiterate. Just as in the eighteenth century all non-feudals, whether rich or poor, constituted the "people" in the opinion of ideologists of the rising capitalist bourgeoisie.

II.

Marx's inability or unwillingness to concern himself with the problem of the educated versus the uneducated touched upon by Bakunin crops up in all those passages of his writings in which, for one reason or another, he deals with the educated non-capitalist stratum of society. One of the first essays written by him in the early 1840s, when he was still groping his way toward Marxism, was his Criticism of Hegel's Philosophy of Right. That essay contains the following passage: "The emancipation of the German is the emancipation of man. The head of that emancipation is philosophy, its heart the proletariat. " There were those who, like the German radical historian Arthur Rosenberg and the present writer, simultaneously, during the 1930s, interpreted this passage to the effect that in a revolution headed by philosophers, that is by intellectuals, Marx needed the "heart" that is, the physical force of the workers. This passage was written when Marx was still chiefly a revolutionary philosopher and not yet an active revolutionary necessarily concealing a malcontent intellectual's conscious or unconscious will to power behind a screen of a self-deceptive philosophy of devotion to the "emancipation of the proletariat."

In the Communist Manifesto, written five years later (1848), Marx made no distinction between "philosophy" (meaning the intellectuals) and the "proletariat" (in the meaning of the working class). There he wrote about the "physician, the lawyer, the man of science" having been turned by capitalism into "paid wage laborers." Which meant that they were fellow "proletarians" who apparently would not think of setting themselves up as their "head", that is, as the workers' new masters. That the specific invisible "capital" owned by these "wage laborers" in the form of higher education, constituted a privilege fraught with very bourgeois or neo-bourgeois possibilities - that shocking idea, if it ever occurred to Marx, was apparently dismissed, the shocking idea that at bottom his accomplishments are nothing but banditry "writ large." Marx's blindness on this point, on the one hand, and, on the other, his obsession with power, is revealed in another, seemingly commonplace statement contained in the Communist Manifesto. There he says that "every class struggle is a political struggle," which, of course, implied that it is a struggle for power. Now, the uprisings of the illiterate slaves and of the no less illiterate serfs and the mass wage strikes of the illiterate or near-illiterate industrial workers were certainly class struggles, but they were not political struggles for power which they could not exercise anyhow. They became "political" only when they were exploited by more educated elements - in other words, by men like Marx - in their struggle for power.

It would seem that the "paid wage laborers" phrase about the intellectuals did not carry much conviction with the author himself. At any rate, he made a disastrous slip a few pages further in the same pamphlet, where he says that "a portion of the bourgeoisie goes over to the proletariat, and in particular a portion of the bourgeois ideologists, who have risen to the level of comprehending theoretically the historical movement as a whole." Thus Marx inadvertently attempted to kill one bird with two stones, so to speak, by explaining the participation of the intellectuals in the "proletarian" movement (1) by the fact that they were fellow wage-workers, and (2) by the fact that, though bourgeois, they were aware that the future ("historical movement") belongs to the underdog. For all his realism and awareness of the selfish urges of the various social classes, Marx rejected the idea that his own class, that of the intellectual workers, may be dominated by the urge of not only "comprehending theoretically the historical movement" but also of becoming the beneficiaries of the "movement" - by setting themselves up as the new ruling class. At any rate, it seems that in the Communist Manifesto Marx protested too much.

An unwitting satire on the Marxist claim that all recipients of wages (and salaries) belonged to the same class was supplied, no doubt tongue in cheek, by Marx's contemporary, the ultra-reactionary Imperial Habsburg General Jellachich who called himself a "proletarian who lives only on his wages" (quoted in Karl Kautsky's Krieg und Demokratie (p. 438). But it would seem that, just as to Saint

Paul "master and servant are one thing in Christ," manual workers and potential office holders were "one thing" to Marx and his disciples. To the horny-handed underdog the world over this harmony between the post-capitalist masters and their servants was dished out as part of the gospel of class struggle.

The way Marx and Engels used the term "proletariat" and "proletarian" is sometimes amusing. Thus in 1848, Marx wrote in the Paris Vorwaerts: "In the realm of theory, mankind is indebted to the German proletariat, and in the realm of politics, to the French proletariat." In crediting the illiterate or at best semi-illiterate, manual workers with the ideas of Europe's anti-capitalist intelligentsia, Marx was seeking to identify the latter with the working class. Thus, in seeking power, Marx and his following of intellectuals and self-taught ex-workers could claim that they did it on behalf of the working class.

It is interesting to note that more than a half a century after Marx had credited the "proletariat" with the authorship of all the philosophical, economic and political theories which radical intellectuals, like himself, were elaborating at that time, Lenin, his most famous disciple, in his best known book What is to be Done took the position that socialist ideas had come to the working class from the bourgeois intelligentsia. To a large extent this view of Lenin's was derived from an opinion expressed in 1901 (one year before the appearance of Lenin's book) by Karl Kautsky, chief exponent of Marxist orthodoxy in Germany. In an article published in the theoretical organ of the German Social Democratic (Socialist) Party, Neue Zeit, (1901- 1902, XX,I, No, 3, p, 79) Kautsky wrote: "Socialism and the class struggle (Kautsky had in mind the wage struggles of the manual workers) arise side by side and not one out of the other; each arises out of different premises. Modern socialist consciousness can arise only on the basis of profound scientific knowledge . . . The vehicles of science are not the proletariat but the bourgeois intelligentsia (emphasized in the original); it was out of the heads of the members of this stratum that modern socialism originated and it was they who communicated it to the more intellectually developed proletarians who, in their turn, introduced it to the proletarian class struggle, where conditions allow that to be done. This socialist consciousness is something introduced into the proletarian class struggle from without and not something that arose within it spontaneously."

It is beside the point that Marx's most famous disciples made these statements in order to put in their place the spokesmen of certain trade-unionist or quasi-trade unionist trends within their respective parties who, in their rivalry with the college-bred leaders, occasionally tried to prejudice the masses against the intellectuals holding top positions within the socialist movement. The fact is that, without mentioning the Teacher's name, Lenin and Kautsky, for factional considerations, at one given moment, challenged an important tenet of Marxism,

without, however, drawing any logical – and "shocking" - conclusions from their challenge

.III

Marx's identification of his own social class with the working class was rudely jolted for a while by the Revolution of 1848 which occurred shortly after the appearance of the Communist Manifesto. The revolution opened to the French underprivileged - workers and declasse intellectuals - vistas of a "social republic." It was, however, seen in a somewhat different light by the German radical intellectual Marx as far as his country was concerned. While in France the radical intelligentsia was jointly with the workers arrayed against middle and big capital and their office-holding partners, the situation in Germany required, in Marx's opinion, a different orientation. There the Junkers had been weakened but not yet defeated, for they were supported by the mostly illiterate peasantry. So the situation, according to Marx, called for a united front of all middle class elements and of the workers as well. However, there was a discordant note in that symphony of democratic hopes. The heart of the workers, the alleged "heart of the revolution" was not in it, and the workers actually threatened to sabotage the concert. No, they had not been seduced by any reactionary, counter-revolutionary propaganda. They only thought that, once a Revolution was on, they had the right to get something out of it. So they started striking for higher wages and began to form labor unions. This so frightened and disconcerted the bourgeoisie that it lost all enthusiasm for its own revolution against the Junkers.

Marx's attitude at that juncture is worth noting. Convinced that under the prevailing circumstances the success of the democratic revolution was impossible if the bourgeoisie were antagonized by the radicals, he had joined the liberal Democratic Party, dropped all Communist propaganda, and published no reports on the labor movement in the Neue Rheinische Zeitung, the daily which he edited in Cologne and into which he had sunk all the money left to him by his father. His alter ego, Frederich Engels, who never disagreed with him, in a letter written at that time from his industrial home town Barmen, even went as far as to disapprove of the workers' attempts to form unions lest they affect the attitude of the bourgeoisie towards its own revolution. (see K.Marx - F.Engels Briefwechsel, Berlin, 1929, Vol. 1, p. 100)

It might be argued that, from the "broader" historical point of view, the triumph of political democracy was more important than the satisfaction of the workers' immediate demands for better wages. But the fact is that in this conflict the intellectual Karl Marx behaved not as a "paid wage laborer" but as a regular "bourgeois ideologist" who was ready to sacrifice the immediate interests of the

workers for the sake of a bourgeois revolution whose immediate beneficiaries would have included his own social stratum.

IV

After the defeat of the French and German revolutions of 1848, Marx beheld the seizure of power by Louis Bonaparte, the later Napoleon III. That coup d'etat resulted in a dictatorship which anticipated some features of fascism. A section of France's educated lower middle class malcontents, supported by the big city riffraff, took possession of the country with the primary object of "soaking" through taxation, all classes of the population for the benefit of an enormous bureaucracy.

In his Eighteenth Brumaire dealing with that event, Marx referred to the "enormous bureaucracy, well-trimmed and well-fed" which was the " 'Napoleonic idea' close to the heart of the second Bonaparte." However, Marx was either unable or unwilling to draw any conclusions from the parasitism of that "enormous bureaucracy". As Napoleon III was opposed both by the bourgeoisie and the workers, the founder of modern scientific socialism concluded that the usurper was the representative of the interests of the small peasantry which had given him the decisive vote. Marx was not unaware of the fact that the peasantry was just as heavily taxed as the other classes for the purpose of supporting an enormous army of office-holders, army officers and other hangers-on of the new regime; for he himself writes about it. But he shied away from the idea that this "artificial caste" (of office holders) for which the maintenance of Napoleon's regime was a bread -and-butter question, was potentially the emerging new class of inheritors of capitalism, such as seven decades later was to be set up by some of his Russian disciples. To be sure, those Bonapartists spoke a different political lingo and used different methods in their attack upon the capitalists' pocketbooks. But, to use a bon mot coined in 1848 by the poet Beranger about the quarrels of the various political parties, it was not so much the difference of principles as the similarity of apppetites that made Marx ignore the real nature of that phenomenon.

Marx was of course aware of the fact that there were "third persons" who got a share of the capitalists' profits. He referred to them facetiously as "king, priest, professor, whore, soldier," while completely omitting the office-holders and technical managers. As a matter of fact, the technical experts were in his opinion simply "workers" as exemplified by a letter of his to one of his friends in the United States to whom he recommended two "workers" who shared his views one of them a baker and the other a . . .mining engineer.

V.

Shortly before his death, Marx undertook the task of analyzing the various social classes. He never finished that piece which, in its incomplete form, is contained at the end of Das Capital. It is possible of course that his failing health prevented him from finishing that manuscript. However, another explanation is likewise possible. An explanation which was suggested to this writer by Clemenceau's refusal to write his autobiography after he had retired from political life. He had done, he said in substance, too many indefensible things in his life which he would rather not write about. He was reluctant to write lies at the end of his life. ("I could not tell the truth without ruining my reputation, and now I am too old to write a book of lies.") In approaching the question of the educated, non-capitalist strata of society, Marx might have felt the same way as Clemenceau. For it might have occurred to him, while fighting the capitalist profiteers, he never referred to the real source of those bourgeois or neo-bourgeois incomes which were derived not from possession of capital but from the privilege of education.

To make such an admission, implying that Bakunin's prediction was correct, would have meant cancelling his entire life-work. For it was his ambition not merely to interpret the world but also to change it. And the admission that this great change was merely a change in masters, that is, of the form of political and economic inequality, was apparently more than could be expected from a man, who in his life-time already, was hailed as the Redeemer of the underdog by those who, consciously or unconsciously, were out to substitute the rule of the officeholder and manager for that of the capitalist stock holder.

It is a truism that on the historical arena as in private life, it is difficult to know one's own motives and that men lie not only to others but also to their own selves. The tragicomedy of Marx's, shall we say "reticence" on the question of the intellectual workers is part and parcel of the general tragicomedy of deceit and self- deception which, along with brute force, is the essence of the historical process. Did the champions of the American and French Revolutions realize whose freedom they were fighting for when they maintained chattel slavery in the United States, and prohibited strikes and the formation of labor unions in France? Did Michael Bakunin, the apostle of anarchism, who exposed Marx's spurious "dictatorship of the proletariat" realize that the "invisible dictatorship" of his own "International Brothers" if established, would amount to the same thing? And did the champions of syndicalism, Pelloutier, Sorel and Monatte realize that the non-political "direct action" of the labor unions which they advocated, would, if successful, result in the rule of union leaders rather than the "emancipation of the proletariat"? Did Lenin anticipate that his victory would result in the totalitarian bestiality of his successor? He certainly didn't. But he used the most disingenuous arguments to deceive others and perhaps also himself, to the effect that what he

achieved was a decisive step toward the "emancipation of the working class" and not merely a link in the endless chain of what might be called history's eternal recurrence of conflicts between "ins" and "outs".

The fact is, as Marx's most famous disciple put it, "people have always been and always will be stupid victims of deceit and self-deception in politics until they leave behind every kind of moral, religious, political and social phrase, declaration and promise, to seek out the interests of this or that class or classes." Did it ever occur to the Father of Bolshevism, who wrote these lines, that the interests of a new privileged class of upstart office-holders might lurk behind his own "proletarian" gospel? At any rate, it almost looks as if he had deliberately written that passage as a lampoon on himself and his immortal teacher.

The basic Marxist (and general socialist) fiction that the elimination of the capitalists means the "emancipation of the working class" has been repeated by its protagonists so many times for more than a century that in the course of time it began to appear plausible even to thinkers who should know better. Thus, Arnold Toynbee, who had devoted his life to finding out everything about the civilizations that preceded our time, was so taken in by this propaganda that he unwittingly parroted one of the most absurd lies of our time to the effect that in Russia "there has been . . . a transfer of power from the middleclass to the industrial working class."

VI.

The secret of Marx's reticence or blindness on the question of the intellectual workers was unwittingly hinted at on several occasions by his alter-ego. In his study of Feuerbach, Engels says "that every class that wants power must claim that its own interests are identical with society as a whole." It is in line with this correct idea that the Marxist intellectuals identified themselves with the working class. That's also why the office - holding and managerial neo-bourgeois of the Communist orbit presents its own rule as the "dictatorship" and the "emancipation" of the working class.

Engels also wrote, that at its outset, every bourgeois revolution of the last two centuries had to go somewhat beyond its essential aim which was to secure the rule of the rising capitalist class. In other words, that the leaders of these revolutions had to make promises to the masses which they did not intend to keep. Is it too far-fetched to read into this statement an inadvertent or unconscious admission that the "proletarian" revolution promised by the Marxists was nothing but bait for the masses on behalf of the neo- bourgeois revolution of the new middle class of would be office-holders and managers?

There is also a similar hint to the same effect in Marx's Civil War in France (1871) where the author says that to achieve its emancipation "the working class has to pass through long struggles, through an entire succession of historical processes in the course of which men and circumstances will undergo a complete change." Doesn't this mean that until the workers have undergone such a "complete change" as to become as educated as the privileged classes - the Greek Calends - they would have to be ruled by those of their "comrades" who already now are in possession of higher education?

However, the crowning give-away was perpetrated by Engels in an article written in 1895, shortly before his death. In predicting the inevitable victory of the Marxist movement, he compared its progress with that of early Christianity which eventually scored its full victory under Constantine, the first Roman Emperor who embraced the new faith and established it as the official state religion. Yes, Marx's alter ego actually mentioned the name of Constantine, the same Constantine under whose rule the ideal image of Christian brotherhood bore the same relation to opulence of the Church hierarchy, as the idea of "proletarian emancipation" has to the rule of an office-holding and managerial neo-bourgeoisie.

VII

The idea that Marx may have deceived himself as to the real meaning of the movement that has immortalized his name is challenged by some of his ex-followers. In deference to his genius, they assume that he may have anticipated - without avowing it - the views of the "pessimists" in sociology, such as Mosca, Michels and Pareto, who believed in the "circulation of elites" (Pareto) or in the "iron law of oligarchy" to use the term coined by Robert Michels. That view implies that the majority of the human race will always remain the pedestal for the ever changing privileged minorities. In a man as familiar with the history of mankind, and as averse to utopian dreams as was Marx, such a concept could have been quite natural. It was also quite natural that he kept that insight to himself; for its avowal would get him nowhere with the "pedestal" whose assistance he needed for the enthronement of his own elitist group. In the further pursuit of this assumption those critics also suspect that Marx may have likewise anticipated - again without avowing it - Hans Vaihinger's Philosophy _____ to the effect that "deliberate untruth is a condition essential to life", in other words, that the fiction of the "dictatorship of the proletariat" was necessary for the substitution of the rule of the "knows" for that of the "haves."

(With thanks to Curtis Price who supplied a copy of the text. See http://geocities.com/CapitolHill/Lobby/2379)

FROM SEATTLE TO SOUTH MELBOURNE, AND AFTER

"Melbourne", said one daily newspaper writing about the September 11 World Economic Forum meeting "had never seen such a security build up in the face of a demonstration since the Vietnam War". It was an all too characteristic beginning -of-the-first- millennium comment. Yes, a comparison is made with the sixties, not in terms of the aims of a demonstration, or the composition of the demo, but of the police-military response to it. The press was deeply concerned with human rights, but the human rights of conference participants, those poor, persecuted millionaires. Any serious civil rights anxieties, such as those which surfaced from time to time in the sixties, were inverted, as obedient subeditors savaged the copy provided by outraged reporters and photographers, to confirm the intensified subordination of the media to corporate capital, the real instead of formal subsumption of public commentary by capital. The journalists who shut down Melbourne's daily Age one Saturday, to complain about their enterprise agreement, failed to shut down any corporate media outlet in protest against the silence on corporate and police violence, as police, but never demonstrator, casualty figures were routinely reported. (There were no delegate casualties)

I state briefly the all too evident bias of a media confronting a large, serious and unwanted demonstration solely to indicate the corrective biases of this article. It was an achievement of the ten thousand strong September 11 protest turnout (the figures fell on the 12th and 13th), to return references to the Vietnam war (Australia's code-name for the sixties) to newspaper columns and television footage. The arms race against a large scale expression of economically incorrect opinion, reached heights never attained in the sixties, when politicians were too busy dispatching troops to South Vietnam to consider sending them to South Melbourne, and too busy napalming Asian peasants to prepare capsicum gas for use against a generation of Australians.

The demonstrators, when not being described by Victorian Premier Steve Bracks as fascist hooligans trying to stop an Aboriginal meeting (a description which, in spite of its deliberate and carefully considered inaccuracies, actually raised one real issue - the absence of Aborigines from the World Economic Forum invitation list) were in 2000 as in 1968, mostly under 30. There was a sprinkling of older people, gratified, like their parents in the sixties to find the younger generation in the streets, but a sprinkling only. Once again, capitalism has forfeited the trust of an entire generation. 1968, dismissed peremptorily even in Red and Black as a non-event, re-appeared as the return of the repressed.

Historical events do not, nevertheless, repeat themselves. One is tempted to say that if the sixties were farce, new millennium mass demonstration is tragedy. This would be too harsh both to the sixties -

Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin deliberately created farce, - and to the S11 demonstration, which achieved the objectives it set itself, although enormously more was possible. The new historical actors, in keeping with realistic new Millennium Zeitgeist, underestimate the potential both of what they are and of what they do.

This is the first radical generation which has failed totally to see itself as such. This defect of inward vision is a reaction against the exuberance and immense self-confidence of the sixties, the targets of counter-revolutionary satire ever since. Sober under-estimation of political tasks and political possibilities is in order. The demonstrators on September 11 came from the environmental, women's and student movements, all in various ways descended from the sixties, all battling against globalisation without many victories to show. Their experience does not allow revolutionary illusions. The self-proclaimed organisers of the demonstration, the Trotskyists, particularly the International Socialist Organisation, saw themselves as importing revolutionary optimism from the outside, as, every demonstration day, they routinely declared the previous day a great victory, which the demonstration's Stakhanovites would equal or surpass in the coming twelve hours. This gratuitous interference with the demonstrators' political sobriety will not win ISO the membership increases it calculates on. ISO's own perspectives were disarmingly modest. Unable themselves to define the dangers of globalisation - their publicity said that what Howard did to Australia, WEF did to the world, a major overestimation of Howard - they set out to emulate Seattle, but without the nasty bits like the Black Block. The public, ISO thought, knew what Seattle was, but did not understand globalisation anymore than ISO did. Posters therefore, identified "S11" with "Seattle", declaring the intention to "shut down" WEF like WTO. As WTO was not, so much, shut down, as separated (forcibly or non-violently) from its delegates, the objective thus became to prevent delegates getting to the WEF. In contrast to Seattle, - this stance requiring dedicated hypocrisy from ISO - WEF was to be separated from its delegates without violence.

This tactic, interpreted by the media as a "promise to the police", could never be kept by any remotely militant demonstration, and when Victorian Opposition leader Napthine and W.A Premier Court insolently drove into the middle of the demonstration, on the way up to the Casino entrance, where the conference was held, their cars were instantly not only mobbed but in Court's case actually danced on. Instead of being thankful that not a hair of Napthine's or Court's brainless heads were touched, the media screamed blue murder at the "violence" to vehicles.

This contrived outrage was not without unintended irony. The politicians's car indexes the politician's status, a statement of the extent of his political corporate welfare handout level. "Corporate Welfare" was, rightly, one of the demonstrators favourite slogans, and the dancing on, repainting and general beautification of Napthine's and Court's automobiles (Court's was hired, though no one asked with whose money), registered their rejection

of such welfare. The automobile transformed into dancing space, no longer existed as a commodity. Incapable of argument along these lines, ISO failed even to argue that violence against commodities was not violence in any sense understood by any existent philosophy of ethics. Nor did it point to the irony of Court's institutionalised violence against Aborigines and others through mandatory sentencing, that it was challenged by aboriginal demonstrator resistance not by blows but by dancing. In response to media incitements to police "counter violence", ISO stepped up its lip service to "non-violence", organising an encirclement of the Casino by "peaceful demonstrators" on the demonstrations final day, in spite of the police turning the hand-in-hand parade into a semi-official police identification survey. This is not a tactic recommended to ISO members in Tony Cliff's histories of the Russian revolution.

ISO's leadership, as in the Leninist hierarchical tradition it describes its activity, co-existed with the denial of access to a third of the WEF delegates on September 11 itself. In this sense the demonstrations' objectives were reached. Compared with anti-globalisation demonstrations since Seattle, this was not bad going. The blockade of WEF could not however be sustained after the first day of the demonstration. The posters advertising S11 suggested an arrival time of 6.30am on the first day, requiring serious early rising which even on the first day proved a little difficult, as police pushed delegates' buses through at 7.00am. Without a call for early arrival on Tuesday, delegates arrived earlier and police pushed them through under - peopled barricades more violently on a day on which there was heavy political pressure to get more delegates through. ISO's response to the increase in delegate attendance was to reverse the first day policy of letting delegates out of the Casino unmolested. On Monday, the demonstration was supposed to close down punctually, first at 5.00pm, then at 6.00pm. On Tuesday, all entrances were blocked indefinitely, and there were pleas for demonstrators not to go home. The victory of the 11th, they were told, would be repeated on the 12th. But the idealism which inspired the closure of a meeting of a sovereign cartel of transnational corporations making economic decisions for things which were once governments to carry out, could not be carried over to a push to keep the meeting in being once most of its delegates arrived. There were far fewer demonstrators than on the first Monday. With at least a thousand police on $500 a day, on call, and eight entrances from the Casino, some lightly defended, it was impossible that the delegates could be prevented from leaving the Casino as successfully as many had been prevented from arriving. So it proved. A baton charge by four to five hundred police, backed by mounted police, broke through the weakest barricade about 7.20 pm. inflicting huge injuries on demonstrators. On the following day, the feeling of defeat was overwhelming. Delegates were easily bussed in first thing in the morning. Demonstrators were withdrawn from the barricades, for a march through the inner city and the previously mentioned hand-in-hand encirclement of the casino. It would have been better for the demonstration on Tuesday to have rested on Monday's laurels.

But this was always impossible. In Seattle, the preferred model of S11's publicity, most delegates had been prevented from arriving, those delegates who did arrive had failed to agree, and also major corporate targets had been hit, especially by the Black Block, a group of anarchist militants. In Melbourne, only the first Seattle victory was ever on the wish list. The offices of major corporations received raucous, but polite, demonstrations. Given ISO's "personalisation" of the demonstrations - PM John Howard was linked with Bill Gates as a "tyrant" to be removed - why should corporations be seriously attacked? The delegates were the "tyrants". The demonstrators knew the score better. They spoke of "corporate tyranny", bracketing the "corporate", formerly a purely economic concept, with "tyranny", once a purely political concept, in the new political formation they recognised and fought as "globalisation". ISO never got that message. Its failure to extend the demonstration from the Casino's frontiers to shops and the offices of Melbourne was a failure of political under- standing, not just a tactical mistake.

Globalisation, by definition, has no location but the planet, which it is destroying. A group of powerful CEO's and econocrats make decisions, but through a network of organisations and conferences worldwide. Those decisions are executed everywhere. Shutting one conference down is not enough. Every conference must be shut down. The opposition must be as globalised - must be more globalised - than its corporate enemy. A demonstration against globalisation that does not successfully extend beyond one venue and one group of powerful people is ideologically already encircled by its opponents, whether it knows that or not.

Globalisation involves such a concentration of power across what were once geographical, technological, political and economic divides that it is hard to grasp in terms of the traditional political categories in which revolt and protest initially express themselves. The sixties, as an international movement, which did shrug off traditional political conceptions, is the model of resistance nearest to us in time. It did, although vaguely, see what might come with its defeat, especially in education- one reason why gobalisation in tertiary education has been relatively slow. The defeat of globalisation requires an alternative internationalism and alternative economic models. The sixties gave us the first, but not the second -it tried to transcend economics, but was itself transcended. We know now like the sixties that we must get rid of "economics" as an intellectual category, but not by ignoring it or its basis in material life.

With the supersession of the state by the transnational corporation, democracy has become an idea without a political framework for its expression. The traditional anarchist critique of the state has materialised in a crisis of democracy, the idea of majority rule without minority oppression in search of new anti-authoritarian forms of self-organisation. The proposals for change made in the lead-up to the Forum by the mainstream green-labor alliance - Green Senator Bob Brown and Friends of Earth honcho,

Cam Walker representing the Greens and Victorian Trades Hall Council Leigh Hubbard "representing the working class" - involved various forms of "regulation" of transnationals. Those views, were not those of the demonstrators, whom Leigh Hubbard condemned in advance. The ISO and its co-organisers of "S11" - a cryptogram enigmatic to outsiders, which obviates, for its originators, any need to state concisely what they are demonstrating about - has its own version of the sixties, in which "students" fought for a lot of things, but mostly "better education". ISO has become the extra-institutional opposition to established student unions of this watered-down version of the sixties, plus a diffuse workerism (the biggest group of "workers" in ISO are Centrelink employees) for which the ALP remains the "workers" party. For other Trotskyist tendencies, also part of the S11 alliance, the "sixties" are the same. In spite of the backwardness of these groups, their view of the demonstration as a mobilisation of left-wing supporters of the ALP against Howard and his international allies, they "led" successfully an anti-globalisation demonstration, even if the success was a 24-hour wonder. It speaks volumes about the role of "students" as non-heirs of the sixties that they responded to such politics; no one needed a planetary or internationalist vision while ISO was eulogising "the workers" as white knights standing by to rescue entire demonstrations from the police, the same workers who stayed as far away as possible from the main demonstration in the belated Trades Hall Council Tuesday demonstration, from which a speaker calling for support for the Casino blockade was forcibly ejected.

The chants that echoed the sixties most closely were also the most delusive - the very proto-sixties hand-holding encirclement of the Casino chanted "the people united will never be defeated" at precisely the point in the demonstration when they were both united and defeated (and smaller in number than at any other time). A serious history of the sixties would undercut the demagogy of such flashbacks to an imagined past, their evasion of the issue of what "the people" were in the sixties and are now and what forms of unity of a revolutionary anti-people - a coalition of underclasses against cross-class unity - can best resist corrosion and attack.

The re-emergence in the "western countries", of a "historical subject" substantially similar to the "new historical subject" of the sixties raises again all the questions raised by Marcuse about the "crisis of subjectivity" in a more urgent form. Particularly the neglected work of Georges Lapassade needs to be revisited. To say how untheorised the sixties are, is also to say that demonstrations like that in Melbourne will remain politically immature for some time.

The main actors in a new historical drama lack even the history to recognise their predecessors, let alone learn from the mistakes of those predecessors. The hegemony of the Trotskyists as perpetrators of theoretical infantilism may turn out to be long-lived, if they continue to flatter

confusions about the continued relevance of existing political institutions. Many mistakes were made by the different anarchist tendencies in this demonstration, but the principal was the default that allowed the political definition of globalisation to pass, without challenge, to the Trotskyists, those who understood globalisation least, and for whom it posed no new revolutionary issues and confirmed a vestigial statist reformism. Proposals to regulate multinationals beg the question of who is to do the regulating, both national governments and UNO having proved equally unequal to the task. Calls for "socialism" - whatever this may mean after 1989 - are preferable to the Brown/Hubbard style of globalising reformism in projecting, however vaguely, the need for some alternative to capitalism as a whole.

The refusal of the various Trotskyist sects to define the "socialism" they espouse in post -1989 terms usually hides capitulation to a shopworn reformism (ISO) (itself masking a deeply right-wing mystique of the state) or a project for the resurrection of Stalinism (the Spartacist League). The entry of leading eco-feminist Vananda Shiva into this discussion, as a speaker in pre-conference talkfests and at the WEF, brought into this arena new and researched proposals for the counter-institutions, based on new forms of economic democracy, which could challenge the power of the present ruling network of neo-liberal econocracies. This is an area in which the sixties simply did not innovate. Arising out of a reaction within the feminist movement against the failure of strategies for equality that depended on takeovers of "the house of the Father State". Shiva and her school return to the values of the sixties feminism, but with an added economic perspective, a federation of predominantly peasant subsistence communities defending (at least in the Third World) their common land, with peasant women seen as the most determined opponents of structural reform and neo-liberalism because of their identification with the production of the means of subsistence which is now under threat. In the West, this strategy requires the development of a "new commons", with new "communities". There has been discussion in Red and Black about the viability of the local face-to-face "community"- a word in quotation marks because it needs more rigorous definition, as more and more an ideological catchword - as the building block of the traditional anarchist federation. The disintegration of "traditional communities" in the civil war in the ex-Yugoslavia, and in parts of Africa, calls in question claims that face-to-face communities can more easily resolve the problems of property and hierarchical social organisation than other social forms. I was inclined to think that a world society, in which everyone is under obligation to their most remote and culturally "different" neighbour - a conception partly develped by the philosopher Levinas - could be a serious basis for post-2000 anarchism. By itself, such a perspective is in the philosophical sense idealist. One must take into account, as Shiva does, the forms of community actually appearing in the most exploited areas of the Third World, and the international links which (without widespread computerisation) they are now forming in many different ways. The attacks on the environment - which, individually separate, make collectively for

global catastrophe - may internationalise "local movements" further and more radically. Shiva's emphasis on women, beyond argument the more exploited stratum in those communities, allows us to re-think the collapse of "localism" in the former Yugoslavia - a collapse perpetuated by the Ramboisation of the male population while women kept food coming into the home. A movement based on the defence of "subsistence", which for many people, not only in the "Third World", is under serious threat, is a long way from discourses about the sharing out of abundance by a socialist state, but it is obstinately realistic in a period when the "left" is still obsessed by pre-gobalisation pipe dreams and separated by its obsession with wage labor from the poor. The defence of subsistence, here and now, is in the beginning of this century , as in the thirties, the road to an abundance, but this time not an abundance of commodities; it is the social organisations which maintain subsistence, and prevent its complete capture by capital, which will defeat capital. Capital's currency is money. Ours is human life. The real work - Shiva's expression - after and between demonstrations is the development of counter-institutions, which can turn capital's currency into ours.

Note: A detailed statement of Dr Vananda Shiva's position can be found in a recent book published in Australia and New Zealand by Melbourne's Spinifex Press, Veronika Bennholdt-Thomsen and Maria Mies - The Subsistence Perspective (1999). My article should not be read as a total, or uncritical, endorsement of the positions taken in this publication, which, in my view, constitute the beginnings of an important discussion.

Owen Gager

BOOK REVIEWS

Baynac, Jacques The story of Tatiana. Black & Red, Detroit, 1994. (255p.) (Translated by Ru Nybakkan raine Perlman) First published: Roman de Tatiana. Editions Denoel, Paris, 1985.

This is a multiple delight. An engrossing detective story; a study in psychology; an evocation of the people and places just before and after the 1905 Russian Revolution; a beautifully constructed narrative; a discourse on the nature of history - and all in exquisite prose.

Is it fact or is it fiction? The author is, at first, quite clear about this. The opening passage reads:

"A slight alteration in the date, like writing Friday instead of Monday, would pass unnoticed. Who would ever check on it? Who could? But this is a history I am writing, so I am not free to take liberties." (p.1)

And yet he also writes:

"Anyway, aren't all histories like this - a creative blend of past reality enriched by later fictions?" (p.94)

I imagine that each reader will arrive at a different estimate of the confluence of reality and fiction.

In brief The Story of Tatiana centres around Tatiana Leontiev (1883 - 1922) and the events that occurred in 1906 when she was staying at Hotel Victoria - Jungfrau in Interlaken (how the name now resonates ominously). Towering above Interlaken is the Jungfrau Mountain and towering above Tatiana is the Russian revolutionary movement.

The weather weaves its way throughout the narrative:

"This was a strange kind of fog. It did not have the customary lightness of morning mists and there was no sparkle to the cluster of droplets which formed it. This fog was viscous and dirty grey." (p.3)

Or:

"On this first day of September 1906 the sky was a very pale, pure blue. Not a single breath of air stirred the flags above the Hotel Victoria - Jungfrau. ... On the grassy esplanade shaded by walnut trees, some curious people were standing around in silence. ... The water in the hotel fountains gurgled unheeded. In the warm air, all motion was suspended. And for a long time nothing happened. " (p.97)

Sunshine and fog? Reality and fiction? Or, is the distinction really between

" A true falsehood or a false truth?" (p.93)

Whatever the answer the result is an intriguing, beautifully written narrative.

(Available from Black & Red, P.O. Box 02374. Detroit, Michigan 48202, who supplied the review copy.)

Eugenia Lovelace

Pugh, Jacob WORKING CLASS FIRST! The Working Class and Anti-Capitalism. Anti-Capitalist Debate Press, 2000. (61p.) ISBN 0-9538882-0-7

The thrust of this, attractively produced, pamphlet is that the argument that the "working class" has disappeared, as a result of an overall increase in material affluence, is, in fact, fallacious.

Whilst acknowledging that:

"The industrial era has seen very large increases in life expectancy, declines in infant mortality and declines in overall death rates." (p.20)

the author also notes that:

"The very process of industrialisation which leads to rising real incomes also leads to new financial necessities which eat away at the expanding family incomes." (p.20)

One example is the move of agricultural workers to the cities and the consequent loss of their ability to grow their own food, keep animals etc.

It is refreshing to find an author who actually presents a definition of "working class".

"The working class are the working class because their main income derives from their wages. They typically produce some product or service for an employer. They are paid a wage that is less than the value they create for their employer" (p8)

Or more succinctly:

"Profit is that part of the revenue the workers have created but that is not paid to the workers in their wages despite the fact that it is their labour that has created it. Workers are therefore exploited." (p. 38)

One may or may not agree with these definitions but at least the author provides a starting point for debate.

Most of the pamphlet, Chaps 1 - 5, deals with conditions in contemporary Britain. However Chapter 6 turns its attention to the "Third World" - with some interesting comments about the role of the World Bank, IMF etc: many not complimentary. In the Conclusion the author puts the case that what is needed is a change in economic structures, such as workers gaining control of their workplaces, which will, in turn, lead to changes in social structures.

If this review makes the pamphlet appear like a dry, economic discourse on capitalist economics and its injustices, then I am doing an injustice to the pamphlet. It is also a sprightly and feisty document with some sharp, and quite "politically incorrect", barbs at "the Left ", " Western radicals" etc. For example:

"Typically the Left regard the desire of working class people for consumer items as the result of indoctrination by advertisers and the media. " (p.15)

"Many Western radicals claim that Third World countries can 'feed themselves'. The problem, they claim, is that they use land to grow cash crops for export and this does not leave enough land for subsistence farmers. This argument is just daft. If the whole of the Third World economy is going to be taken up with subsistence farming how are they going to develop an education system? How are they going to develop medical services? (And no they can't just rely on herbal medicines! What is the herbal cure for cataracts? What is the herbal cure for TB? What is the herbal cure for malaria?)" (p.56)

Finally, to be utterly honest, the pamphlet could have benefited from some editorial assistance - but that is a small quibble.

(Available from AK Press & Distribution. PO Box 12766. Edinburgh. EH8 9YE. 0131 555 5165 . UNITED KINGDOM. Thanks to the author for the review copy.)

Eugenia Lovelace

PROUDLY UNAUSTRALIAN

Down with a world where the guarantee you won't die of starvation has been purchased with the guarantee that you will die of BOREDOM

WE ESPOUSE FILTH

I THINK, THEREFORE I'M UNAUSTRALIAN

FUCK EARTH, IT MAKES $ENCE

WEED not GREED

I can't afford to buy off the media, so I bought paint.

No war between classes, No peace between nations

SUCH BIG BATONS -DO THEY HAVE A PENIS COMPLEX?